UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

Three Big Ideas for 1925

By SYDNEY STRONG

The New Church

By CURTIS W. REESE

The Real Mahatma Gandhi

By DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

VOLUME XCIV NUMBER 16

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JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

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Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 243
Three Big Ideas for 1925.—REV. SYDNEY STRONG 245
Jottings.—J. H. H. 247

ARTICLES—
A New Version of the Lord's Prayer.—*Rev. Charles F. Dole* 243
The New Church.—REV. CURTIS W. REESE 247
The Real Mahatma Gandhi.—DIWAN CHAND SHARMA, M.A. 248
Great French Rebels.—REV. ROLAND D. SAWYER 251
News from Australia.—REV. HARRY TAYLOR.. 251

POETRY—
India's Songs of Freedom 250
When Christ Was Born.—*Florence Earle Coates* 252
After Christmas.—ROBERT WHITAKER 252

THE STUDY TABLE—
Ecclesiastic and Historical Notes on the Near East.—GEORGE SARANTON 253
An Indian Sees India.—TARAKNATH DAS..... 253
Great Books.—*Alvin Joiner, Sr.* 254

THE FIELD—
International Fellowship of Reconciliation..... 255
War Is Outlawed by Resolutions..... 256

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, JANUARY 5, 1925 NUMBER 16

A NEW VERSION OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father in Whom we live: We honor Thy great names—Truth, Beauty, Conscience, and Love. We are glad to be citizens of Thy Kingdom of Righteousness. We are here to do Thy good will. May we help to make the ideal things real. May we have each day whatever we need for Thy service, free of anxious care. May we have peace in our hearts and friendliness toward every man. May we do no harm to anyone. May all things that happen to us work together to establish noble character in us.

—Charles F. Dole.

1924 witnessed the passing not only of an unusually large number of distinguished personages, but also of some of the greatest historical figures of modern times. Pre-eminent among these illustrious dead of the year just closed are of course NICOLAI LENIN, Premier of Soviet Russia, and WOODROW WILSON, ex-President of the United States. These were perhaps the two most exalted leaders of world opinion during the War, and they both passed away, after being long stricken with paralysis, in the early period of 1924. Among other great figures of the World War who died were GENERAL NIVELLE, the immortal defender of Verdun, GENERAL TOWNSEND, the defender of Kut, SIR EDWARD GOSCHEN, English ambassador in Berlin to whom was spoken the famous phrase, "a scrap of paper," SIR PERCY SCOTT, English admiral, and—how different from these others!—E. D. MOREL, hero and martyr, who told the truth about the War when none would listen or believe. Familiar public leaders who disappeared from the scene here in America were HENRY CABOT LODGE, CHARLES F. MURPHY, of Tammany Hall fame, SAMUEL GOMPERS, labor leader, AUGUST BELMONT, financier and sportsman, and MRS. "JACK" GARDINER, the well-known social leader and art-lover of Boston. To these must be added L. EMMETT HOLT, physician, HENRY BACON, architect, JAMES DE NORMANDIE, Unitarian clergyman, and CHARLES ZUEBLIN, lecturer and publicist. These were eminent and most of them beloved figures in their several fields in American life. The death of men like Morel and Zueblin, untimely lost, is a tragedy of the first order.

Literature suffered unusually heavy losses during 1924. Such names as ANATOLE FRANCE and JOSEPH CONRAD are assured of immortality. MARIE CORELLI and FRANCES HODGSON BURNET were writers of great importance in the field of popular fiction, nor must PALMER COX, charmer of children's hearts, be forgotten. Akin to literature is journalism, which said farewell during the year to H. H. KOHLSAAT, editor, GEORGE KENNAN, who revealed Siberian atrocities to the world, and H. W. MASSINGHAN, editor of the English *Nation*. Education misses from its rolls DR. G. STANLEY HALL, founder of Clark University, L. CLARKE SEELYE, founder of Smith College, and so great a scholar and teacher as PROFESSOR GILDERSLEEVE. Two scientists of world fame were lost in JAQUES LOEB, biologist, and SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, geologist; to these may be added the great English philosopher, G. F. BRADLEY. The dead in the field of music make a distinguished list—PUCCINI, of Italy, SCHARWENKA, of Poland, GABRIEL FAURÈ, of France, SIR CHARLES STANFORD, of England, and VICTOR HERBERT here in America. The theatre saw the final curtain fall on BARNEY BERNARD, and on the mysteriously beautiful figure of ELEANORA DUSE. A personage difficult to classify is S. BARING-GOULD, of England, a clergyman, an author of innumerable books, but chiefly famous perhaps as the man who wrote "Onward, Christian Soldiers." These are formidable lists. The past year swept wide and far its scythe, and cut down many of our noblest. May Time be satisfied for a little, and the new year (1925) thus be spared such losses!

The year 1924 was full of interesting and important events. It opened with skies bright for liberals and radicals everywhere. MacDonald and the Labor Party controlled the government of the British Empire, and Herriot soon came to power in France. These inspiring developments across the seas were accompanied by the high hopes of the Third Party advocates here in America. During the summer, however, the skies darkened, and the year ends in the blackness of reaction everywhere. A Tory ministry of the darkest hue, backed by an enormous majority in the Commons, is in control in England. Herriot is ill in France, and his early fall is confidently prophesied. Mr. La Follett's Third Party campaign mustered an impressive popular vote, but was swept away by the vast flood of triumphant Republicanism. Meanwhile European conditions remain bad, with the Dawes Plan giving only

a temporary relief to an impossible situation. The League of Nations gained sudden prestige through the pronouncement of the Geneva Protocol; but everything gained was more than lost by England's repudiation of the Protocol, and her defiance of the League and all peaceful international procedure in the Egyptian episode. Soviet Russia made an enormous advance during the year, through formal recognition by Italy, England and France, and through the steady improvement of internal economic conditions. The release of Gandhi from prison on February 4th stirred afresh the non-co-operation movement in India, and lifted Gandhi and his cause once again to a position of world importance. In America the year was made notable, apart from the election, by the "Teapot Dome" scandals and the insult to Japan embodied in the Immigration Bill. On the credit side of the ledger stands the rapid decline in lynching outrages, which is one of the most encouraging phenomena of the times. Among other events must be recorded the round the world flight of the army flyers, the Trans-Atlantic voyage of the German Zeppelin "ZR4," and the amazing extension of the radio, unquestionably the most marvelous invention of our marvelous age.

We stated in the December 15 issue of UNITY that we should postpone comment in the matter of the League of Nations and the Egyptian crisis, until the meeting of the Council in December. We felt that it was only fair to wait until this powerful body had had an opportunity to take action before passing judgment. Well, the Council met—and did nothing! In the words of Austin Chamberlin, Foreign Secretary of Great Britain, who returned from Rome, December 15,

> The British Government will not admit the rights and interests of the British Empire in Egypt to be questioned by any other power. In pursuance of this principle, it will regard as an unfriendly act any attempt at interference . . . and will consider any aggression against the territory of Egypt as an act to be repelled with all the means at its command.

To this impudent challenge of imperial power to international co-operation and good-will, the Council of the League gave no answer. It said and did nothing. Mr. Chamberlin stated that no question in regard to Egypt was raised at the meeting of the Council. He added with amiable courtesy that had such question been raised, he would have been glad to answer, but, to quote his own words, "There is nothing in the covenant which either requires or suggests interference of the League in such a matter as this." It is obvious enough that the big powers are to work their will in the world at large in the future, just as they have done in the past. They sit together in the League of Nations only as conspirators to aid and abet one another's depredations upon the peace and order of the world. As long as such a condition as this continues, it is ridiculous to talk of the League of Nations as an effective agency for peace. It simply does not function in any matter that really threatens war, and therefore does not function in those matters which are alone of any concern in the problem of war and peace. The failure of the Council to act in this crisis is, to our mind, the final demonstration of the League's futility.

No more impressive confirmation of the above verdict could be imagined than that given in a speech in the House of Commons, which followed that of Mr. Austin Chamberlin, by Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper. Referring to the Egyptian crisis, Mr. Cooper said,

> If the League were to decide against us, then the British people would refuse to recognize the ruling of the League, and that would be the end of the League forever.

If there is any logic in such a statement as this, it is that it is the prime object of the League to exist for its own sake and not for the sake of preventing war and serving the interests of peace. The League of Nations, in other words, must keep alive no matter what happens to humanity. If any action by the League might threaten its authority or imperil its survival, then that action must not be taken, no matter how much injustice is practiced on weak peoples or violence perpetrated by selfish imperialism. What we have in Geneva, in other words, is just a nice, pretty collection of pleasant-minded people whom we are to admire for their good intentions, while they lift not even a little finger to help the world, lest these good intentions be soiled or outraged. To our way of thinking, it would be infinitely better in the long run for the League to smash itself up in the vain endeavor to preserve the peace, than to keep itself going while violence runs amuck, and wars and rumors of wars engulf the nations. There was a great and wise man in Palestine some centuries ago who declared that to save one's life was to lose it, and to lose one's life for certain high ends was to save it. This is a counsel of profound spiritual significance and, therefore, of deep practical wisdom. The League still lives as a paper program, but of what use is it if Egypt bleeds and England shakes her sword in defiance of humanity.

A report about conditions in Russia of the utmost value and importance has recently been made by a committee of British Trade Unionists who have returned from an extended visit to Moscow. The members of this delegation, who are themselves opposed to Bolshevism both in theory and practice, give a most favorable view of conditions in the Soviet Republic. Thus they state that the economic restoration of Russia is "very rapid," that the housing conditions of the Russian workers is being everywhere improved, that great efforts are being made for the rehabilitation of public education. It is especially interesting to note that the committee of Trade Unionists testifies that "religious

institutions are free," and that persecution on religious and moral grounds does not exist. It has been amusing to note the consternation which this report has stirred up in England in these days of Tory ascendency, and the efforts that have been made to discredit it. Newspapers with one accord have printed broadsides on "Fairytales from Moscow," "The Russian Fairy Tale," etc. Correspondents who have never been nearer Russia than Fleet Street, emphatically inform these Trade Unionists that they do not know what they have seen. As usual it is the people farthest removed from Russia who can tell you most about the terrible conditions prevailing there. Those who have actually been to the spot and seen for themselves have a different tale to tell.

Militaristic propaganda, paid for by the people's money and carried on by public servants, is one of the outstanding products of the "war to end war." The subsidizing of the militia, of universities and medical schools, in proportions never dreamed of before the war, is another heritage of that lovely conflict. The organization of industry so that it can be put on a war basis over night is still another. With no enemy in sight we have with us a steady process of militarization that has behind it all the resources of the government. The late Baroness von Suttner said on her last visit to America that the worst thing in Austria-Hungary was the use of public funds to increase the spirit of militarism. The present propaganda in America is evidence afresh of how the conquered conquer.

One of the things that most grates on us is the acceptance of money by ministers at funeral services. We confess that this is one "tip" that seems to us to be mean and small. The situation is a terrible one for the bereaved. Theirs has been the trial of the sickness, which may have lasted weeks or even months. The bills for nurse and doctor and undertaker are a grievous burden to be borne. The sense of loss, the pain of separation, the dull feeling of loneliness—all are present. Then the minister is called in. Perhaps he is not wanted, but social custom demands his presence. On the other hand he may be wanted—to say some word of consolation! In either case, the thought of a fee is indecent. It prevents any real service on the part of the clergyman. It makes him a professional mourner. We wish all ministers would recognize that this service is one for which money cannot be paid, that it is one of the high privileges of the profession to be of help in the hour of death "without money and without price."

Three Big Ideas for 1925

Every traveler, as he starts on his journey, packs his grip with at least a few essentials. As I start upon 1925, there are three Big Ideas that I shall carry. They are up to date and necessary.

1. First, the idea of the *outlawry of war*. It is rather new to the world. Mr. Levinson and UNITY, I suspect, were near to being the inventors. Like true scientists, they neglected to patent it. However, they already have the fun of seeing "the best houses carrying it." While inventors and prophets (same thing) may not die young, they usually live neglected and die poor.

The readers of UNITY, of course, are familiar with the idea of the *outlawry of war*. They know that it furnishes an ethical test for the efficiency of peace plans. The columns have witnessed such tests. What I say here is therefore to the inner disciples, who are looking for new applications of the principle.

I am asking the readers of UNITY, Have you considered sufficiently the outlawing of all who gain profit or position from war? As was asked, last century, of those who were ready to outlaw slavery and drunkenness, Will you also outlaw the slaveholder, the saloonist, all who make profit or position from slavery or drunkenness? The logic of outlawing an evil generally carries one to a point where he refuses to honor those who are in the evil system.

As I enter 1925, the big idea of the outlawry of war carries me there. I am compelled to apply the principle *socially*, otherwise it will become mere doctrine. If war is an outlaw—how should warriors be treated? Warriors like Pershing, Hoag, Foch? How did we treat saloonists, brewers, slave-owners? After these institutions were regarded as outlaw, did churches gives such men banquets? Were parents anxious to marry to them their daughters? Evidently, those declaring war and the war-system outlaw must admit the social implication. With the declaration of outlawry should go social disapproval of all who make profit or position from war. Although Jesus associated with and approved of a centurion, there is no hint anywhere of his approval of a *warrior*. He approved of the centurion's faith and method, just as we might approve of the organizing ability of General Foch.

A Quaker, I have read, once disowned his son when he became a soldier. I do not refer to this as a precedent, but as a suggestion, that when we start on the road of war's outlawry, we may land, perhaps should land, in social disapproval of all who have part in war. This does not imply the assumption of a hypocritical, "holier than thou" attitude toward any human being. It does imply rating a man—*when he is a warrior*—a social outlaw. May I ask my readers to think through the social implications of the outlawry of war,—one of the Big Ideas of 1925.

2. Second, the idea that love is *power;* in fact, the greatest *social power.* Here again, the readers of UNITY, under Jenkin Lloyd Jones and John Haynes Holmes, have grown familiar with the gospel of love; non-superstitious, non-doctrinal, but ethical and practical as daily manifested in life. Love may be regarded as philosophy, or as sentiment, and it is both. But in the year 1925—when men are facing world problems, industrial and political; when they are evoking from Nature marvellous physical and mental forces, requiring great wisdom to harness and drive—it is timely to call attention to the *power* of love. Success consists in the discovery of power and its wise application.

A mass of evidence is accumulating to prove the *power* of love. The "rod" is disappearing from homes and schools. In cities like London the police do not carry guns. Of two important strains in American colonial life—Puritan and Quaker—one going to church with the scriptures in the left hand and the gun in the right, the other while living among "savages," armed only with love and friendship; of these two, as the centuries go on, the Quaker is winning a higher place, as an ethical and spiritual force. Benjamin Kidd, in his "Science of Power," has proved, I think, that in the past the forces of sacrifice, service and love have also been winning, and that the future is assured to them. Love is a *power, the power,* one need not hesitate to say, since God is Love.

Gandhi truly says that he and his friends can subdue the British Empire if they possess love enough. I refer to this, not as a partisan, but to illustrate the comparative exhibition of two powers, one residing in guns and courts, the other residing in love. Gandhi may fail. If so, it is not because he is on the wrong tact, but because he and his friends have not love enough. With more love they would be invincible. They seem to me to be going on the right tact. There will be other and greater Gandhis as the centuries pass. The *power* of love will be increasingly manifested and proved.

3. Third, *the practice of racial fraternity.* This is another Big Idea I would carry into 1925. Racialism is often mentioned as one of modern man's burning problems. Lothrop Stoddard in "Rising Tide of Color" and Basil Mathews in "The Clash of Color" are scaring people, either to get up and fight, or to get down on their knees and pray. Personally, I refuse to get scared. I recall how scared I was, years ago, over the problem of the growth of cities. It looked as if all creation was rushing to the cities, and congestion would cause civilization to topple over. But a few years passed by and rapid transportation of all kinds promises to solve the problem. The ship of life has ways of righting herself. I refuse to be scared over the race problem. Here I enter President Coolidge's class in calling for common sense.

I spent half a dozen college years in Oberlin—where the students from the blackest unto the whitest mingled —classes, restaurants, dormitories, ball teams, societies— and I never discovered any of the props of the universe trembling. I have come to the conviction that there is no race-problem with people who will merely *practice racial fraternity.* I cannot see why men should get red in the face, or get white or pink, on seeing a dash of color on a neighbor's face. *Practice of racial fraternity* will help one to preserve the "best traditions, virtues and institutions of one's own race,"—and what is better, will help one to gain some virtues in contact that will more than make up for all possible loss. And what is pertinent, if one rides on Stoddard's "Tide of Color" he is liable, in his pride, to lose the best of his inherited virtues; and the rising tide will dash his antique bark on the rocks.

I recently attended a luncheon, at which the speakers on the subject of racialism were a Negro dentist and a Japanese consul. They gave sensible, intelligent human utterance. There were four or five Negroes in attendance. The club has been notified to find some other restaurant for its meetings. In the neighborhood of our University, the barbers will serve only white folks, —even our own Filipino citizens being denied. Can it be beat for stupidity? I recently listened to a good friend lecturing to a church audience on, "Of One Blood," and I asked him, after the lecture, What he would do if half a dozen Negroes applied for church membership, "Why, I'd tell them it was not their place!"

These instances do not imply a problem, as some might contend. Nothing deserves the name of "problem" that is based upon ignorant fear and silliness, which the simple application of common sense would instantly cure.

So, as we enter upon 1925, troubled by the voices of Stoddard, Mathews, exclusion laws, etc., I suggest the *practice of racial fraternity* as bringing harmony. It is quite unnecessary to get excited over "the race problem," to write or quote poetry, or to appoint a commission to visit the South Sea Isles to measure craniums, or to hold conventions, make speeches while getting red in the face or white in the face or black in the face (since nearly every man can assume all the colors, why be troubled?), and pass resolutions. Why not just get up in the morning and *practice racial fraternity.* The trick will be turned. At least—as the Scotch minister told his dying parishioner, who wanted to know if a donation to a parish hospital would help his future chances—"It is worth trying!"

These are three Big Ideas one pilgrim expects to carry in his grip as he enters 1925.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

Our special number in memory of E. D. Morel has been delayed pending the arrival of certain material from England. We expect to issue this number next week. It will not in any case be delayed beyond this month.

Dr. Fosdick and Dr. Cadman, two of the most important radio broadcasters in New York, speak only at special services at non-church hours. Neither one broadcasts from his church, Dr. Cadman explaining that he has no intention of giving people one more reason for staying away from church! These men are wise in their day and generation. If there is any surer way of emptying churches than broadcasting the services, we have yet to hear of it.

Our eyes popped out when we read in the newspapers that the Soviets were bringing American gold into Moscow. Heavens! Russian gold being sent into this country to overthrow our government, and American gold being taken into Russia to support their government! This certainly is going some. But—why move so much gold east and west? Why not use it where it is? Doesn't the whole thing smell "fishy" somewhere—like most of the anti-Bolshevik yarns?

Students of Gandhi must not miss (1) the December issue of *The World Tomorrow*, which is a Gandhi number containing articles by John Haynes Holmes, C. F. Andrews, Taraknath Das, Syud Hossain, and others; and (2) the December *Survey Graphic*, which contains a remarkable article by Savel Zimand entitled "Again One Man and an Empire."

At the very time that Lord Birkenhead was placed at the head of the Indian office in London, Mahatma Gandhi was made President of the All-India Congress. Here is promise of a duel which will shake the Empire. Indeed, in all the West and East, we look in vain for any two men who more perfectly incarnate the antithesis between these two worlds.

DEFINITIONS—*Peace*, an interval between wars, like the interval between the rounds of a prize-fight or the halves of a football game. J. H. H.

The New Church

There will be a new church founded on social science and having as its supporting pillars all the attested facts of all the sciences. Woven into its structure will be all the values and all the beauties known to the best minds of the ages.

This church of the new day will have a new pulpit. I am not forgetful of the glories of the old. I am not forgetful of ancient oratory, and Hebrew prophecy, and Christian gospel which resulted in the practice of preaching. In ancient classical oratory, in the fervid addresses of the Hebrew prophets, and in the gospel of the founders of Christianity we have the artistic and effective use of language as an instrument in public service. But the old pulpit is tottering. Its once unrivaled glory is fading. Its days of prophecy are gone. Decay has set in. But already the materials of the new pulpit are being hewn out of the materials of the new day. The oracle of modernity shall be established where once stood the altars of the ancient. The new pulpit will be recognized as the seat of the public expression of the most high truths. This function of the pulpit is no small task. When I contemplate the responsibility of the modern pulpit I feel like saying with an old Virginia divine, "I cannot preach, I never have preached, I have never heard anybody who could preach."

The new minister must be a man among men. His life must be lived not in seclusion but in the wide open. He must not be set apart from the world, but active in the midst of the world. As he moves among men his mark of distinction must not be strange attire but integrity of purpose and sincerity of soul. He must know no master other than truth. He must let neither personal circumstances nor the influence of persons alter the fundamental content and tone of his message. It is better to worship at the altar of the past than to be subsidized by the unholy forces of the present. He must consider no word of his own nor of any other person as final. He must never attempt to close the book of life. He must not be a preserver and guardian of dogmas but a friend of the truth. He must be free from all professionalism, and from all stereotyped methods. He must not be a fossil in the strata of yesterday but a living force in the movements of the day.

The message of the new pulpit must be inspirationally informative. It must synthesize and correct and enlarge academic instruction. It must shed new light on matters thought to be closed forever. It must open the gates of every field of thought. It must deal with mass movements and the psychological forces back of them. It must clarify public opinion and create public conscience. Above all the new message must have the approval of the preacher's whole being. Mental and emotional reservations are alike dishonest. The crucifixion of intellect and emotion is the negation of life and the will to death. The message of the new preacher must be the life of his whole being translated into living words. No matter how great the price, the preacher must be true to this vision of a living message.

Accompanying this new pulpit must be a new ritual. There must be instituted a liturgy lyrical and modern, aspirational and creative, reverential and socially useful. The forms of public religious service must be made to reinforce the forward-looking, independent, creative tendencies of the participants and to inhibit the backward-looking, imitative, dependent tendencies. The readings, hymns, prayer, and benedictions of the new service will embody the contemporary values, interpret emerging goals, satisfy the intellect and stir the deepest

emotions. Where the symbols and imagery of the old ritual reinforce credulity and dependence the symbols and imagery of the new ritual will reinforce courage and imagination. The new ritual will not be less lyrical than the old but it will contribute more to the unification of experience. It will not be less reverent but more inspirational. It will embody in its content not a world of caprice but a world of order. It will synthesize life and give dynamic and purpose to the whole of life. It will be intimately concerned with all social instrumentalities, with education and politics, with science and art. It will seek not only to interpret these but to guide them. It will weave into spiritual devotion all that is native to human life.

There will be a new pew also. A pew that knows the past and loves its good but which does not cower before its precedents and precepts. A pew able to appreciate the machinery of the common place but able also to see the utopia of the soul. A pew that welcomes new truths, that longs for social redemption and works for its coming. A pew that recognizes and respects honest thought, frank utterance, and brave conduct.

With such a pulpit, such a ritual, and such a pew there will indeed be a new church, one whose desires and abilities will be committed to the needs and the opportunities of the new day. Such a church will become the world's chief mobilizing agent of social thought and its most effective director of social thought into social conduct. Such a church will not be merely an onlooker where battles are fought for fundamental human rights and new prospects. Many of the most honored churches of the past resounded with ringing appeals for human freedom and for stainless flags. The most honored churches of the future will be those that inspirationally co-ordinate the spiritual forces with economic, social, and esthetic forces. There are yet wrongs to be righted and goals to be achieved. There are yet charlatans and profiteers and demagogues and blind leaders of the blind who threaten to plunge the world, so recently roseate with hope, back into chaotic darkness. The issue today is back to anarchy, autocracy, imperialism, or forward to order, democracy, fellowship. The church that would live must be found fighting for order, democracy, fellowship.

The church of the new day will be strong for progress, for universal education, for universal health, for individual freedom, for social rights, and for every worthy human cause.

Let us hail the new day and the new religion! Let the old shibboleths go. The essentials of religion will be rediscovered and enriched and ennobled. Worthy living in accord with the possibilities of nature, unconquerable loyalty to noble purposes, love unrimmed by class or creed or race,—these are the soul of religion, and in their name the new church shall go forth like an army with banners, conquering and to conquer!

CURTIS W. REESE.

The Real Mahatma Gandhi

One need not be a non-co-operator to appreciate the greatness of Mahatma Gandhi. However much one may differ from his political creed, one cannot deny that the man is cast in the mould of a hero. Ever since this recluse of Sabarmati, dividing his time between resuscitation of the weaving industry and his researches into dietetics, took the lead in the political field, many estimates of him have appeared in the press. He has become, in fact, a subject of world-wide interest. American churchmen, continental journalists, Indian statesmen, all have exercised their pens to throw light on his personality. He has been extolled as a saint and prophet, pooh-poohed as a hysterical fanatic and visionary dreamer, condemned as an arch-rebel, and prince of conspirators. Thus the estimates have varied between dithyrambic praise and unmeasured censure. The present writer has tried to study Mahatma Gandhi's personality ever since he began to loom large in the political field, by his daring leadership in the South African cause. It has been a passion with him to hear him and read his writings. He has talked with men of all shades of opinion about this dynamic leader. The present essay is, therefore, an attempt to understand Mahatma Gandhi's personality—to discover the mainspring of his power. It is from one who without claiming to be his disciple is still a great admirer and who without being too near so as to have a fit of uncritical devotion or qualms of unfounded contempt, is still not too distant as to miss the aroma of his fine nature.

Above all Gandhi is a born leader of men. Matthew Arnold wrote about his father,

> Thus in such hour of need, of your fainting dispirited race,
> Ye, like angels, appear, radiant with ardour divine;
> Beacons of hope, ye appear;
> Langour is not in your heart,
> Weakness is not in your word,
> Weariness not on your brow.

and these lines when applied to Mahatma Gandhi, have a peculiar fitness. He has all the qualities of a leader—courage, power of decision, readiness to suffer, fidelity to his principles, ability to organize and fervor to inspire others. It was, therefore, that the late Mr. Gokhale said about him that he could "mould heroes out of clay." His rare virtue is that what he professes, he practices; his words never mock his actions. What he dares preach in the forum, he practices in the seclusion of his closet. He is dowered with a courage of his conviction and dares utter truth in the teeth of opposition. Even in face of trials and tribulations, he preserves an immovable calm and an unruffled brow. The words which he spoke to the District Magistrate of Ahmedabad were not merely the catch phrases of a demagogue but the intense conviction of a patriot. It requires a magnanimity to avow your responsibility for things which have not turned out as you wished, yet Mahatma Gandhi confessed his guilt for the tragedies of Bombay and Churachauri. As Christ took on his back the pack of the sins of humanity without a murmur, so Gandhi claimed his share of the blame of those untoward happenings without any fear. This sense of responsibility on his part is transcendent indeed, and this is so because he is no coward, mentally and morally. When his followers were being persecuted, one after another, for the statements for which they got their cue from him, he was never ashamed of owning his responsibility. In fact if he did anything he was ready to face the music also. On his return from South Africa, he made a tour in India and found that the minds of the people were cowed into abject submission by spectres of fear. What was felt was never given out in public. Fear paralyzed the people and they dared not speak the truth. He taught people to speak out their minds and though this plain-speaking has gen-

erated into unbridled criticism and irresponsible chatter some times, yet the impulse was for good. But who can question his ability as a propagandist and organiser? Before he gave his programme of non-co-operation to the world, he made a tour everywhere, addressing meetings, granting interviews. He made the Indian National Congress an organization which has its ramifications in the populous cities as well as in the remote villages. All this he did by creating a band of workers and by inoculating them with a spark of his own flaming zeal. His stupendous collection of one crore of rupees and his enlistment of one crore of members were feats, indeed.

"I have been charged with saintliness," said he, in his speech in the special session of the Congress at Calcutta and to this, I think, he should plead guilty. His saintliness is undisputed. Born in the medieval times, he would have been the shining light of some monastic order; born in the Vedic times, he would have been the dweller in some cave and would have chanted the hymns. He is an ascetic, pure and simple. He exercises perfect self-government over his pasisons, desires and thoughts whatever stirs this mortal frame. Since all the temptation to do wrong originates with the flesh, he has curbed it by protracted fasts and innumerable penances. Like a medieval monk, he confesses and prays till God showers his grace upon him. He has imposed upon himself vows to brace up his moral fibre. When he went to England he was allowed to cross the waters only when a Jain priest had administered a vow to him to forswear wine, women and flesh. In fact, all religious observances have hardened his character like steel. Like the Puritan of yore, he is a strange mixture of contrarities. He prostrates himself before God but he defies the man-made-law. Like them he feels himself to be the inheritor of the glory of God and sees visions of regenerated motherland. But at other times he sobs like a child when he thinks that he has not lived in the Taskmaster's eye and has paid heed to the whispers of the fiend. He feels that he is entrusted with the task of up-lifting his motherland but sometimes he is too much obsessed with the sense of his frailty as not to be able to make up his mind on a trifle. Hutton said that there is self-government in every line of Wordsworth; we feel that there is self-government in every word, thought, and action of this apostle of New India. His sleep is under his control; he is never a slave to his appetites. In fact, he has subdued his carnal nature and his mind is attuned to the lyre of the angels. Compassion is his most pervasive quality. Like another Ignatius Loyola he can suck the wounds of a leper and wipes his blood with his own garment. His devotion to God is *sans* bounds and there is holy enchantment about his *ashram*. Like another Buddha, he preaches non-violence while his adherence to truth is insistent. "I will not deviate from truth by a hair's breadth" he proclaims at all times.

But Gandhi, the saint should not blind us to Gandhi the Politician. He is a saint and a statesman rolled into one. He is a puritan shading off into a politician. What Lord Roseberry said of Cromwell holds good in his case—he is a practical mystic. If Carlyle had been living, he might have depicted this hero in the role of a politician. He has infused humanity into the dry bones of political life and he has made the dry twig of political controversy blossom with eternities and verities. The agitator, the politician, the statesman, are all interchangeable terms in India. By some he is regarded as an agitator bent upon disturbing the waters of politics and dabbling in the muddy waters of racial hatred. Others think him a politician (a politician, according to Lloyd George is rarer than a statesman) one who is a clever opportunist (in the best sense of this much abused word). By some he is exalted as a statesman, who has the same powers of nation building as Solon, or Bismarck possessed. But no one need deny that he is a profound observer, a rarer psychologist and a shrewd judge of men. He can manipulate all the stops in the instrument of a politician, but the chief weapon in his armoury is compromise. Though Lala Lajpat Rai and Mr. C. R. Dass scoffed at him at Calcutta, yet they remained to pray at Nagpore, he brought them within the charmed circle of his creed by a rare stroke of compromise. With all his reputed inflexibility, he is always ready for compromise provided he has not to forswear his principles. Had he been given time, he would have captured the Maharashtra party as well. Except in the case of some moderate die-hards he made converts of all nationalists. As Lloyd George knows how to manage the conferences, so he has the rare tact to handle unwieldy assemblies. In the Congress his word was law and he could flutter the dovecotes of the independents in the Malaviya conference. In the Malaviya conference at Bombay, he said that he would be accused of playing into the hands of the moderates by his friends. Was it a stroke of naivete or of consummate tact? The chief secret of his power lies in his wonderful hold on the masses. With rare force of character, he has been able to tame the hydra-headed monster. He rebukes them and they are still; he appeals to them and they are electrified.

Light rather than heat characterizes his utterances. He is not fond of rhetoric—high, sustained and dignified like Lala Lajpat Rai; he is not profuse like Pt. Malaviya; he is not copious like Mrs. Annie Besant. He does not display a wealth of illustrations and similes in enforcing his point nor does he address crude appeals like the Ali Brothers to exploit the emotions of the audience. He is the master of the art of exposition; he can set forth his case with extreme lucidity and vividness. He never wastes his words; he never digresses; he never depends upon any adventitious aids of gestures and movements. He never blurs the impression of his words while speaking; every letter and every word receives its due attention and emphasis in his speech. He is not fond of modulations of speech like Sir Surendra Nath Banerji, who can subdue his voice to a whisper and can raise it to the highest pitch, but he speaks with an even flow. Nor does he utter words with the rapidity of a whirl-wind as does Mr. Satyamurti, but he speaks in a deliberate and measured tone. Unlike these politicians, he never throws mud at his opponent. He seldom tries to bully or defame them; to call them names or to attribute motives to them. While others chafe and foam and fret, he sits with serenity with a smile flickering over his lips. But what gives piquancy to his utterances is the sincerity of the speaker. He does not forge words but they come straight from his heart and, therefore, go straight to it. What he speaks, he means, and there lies his peculiar power.

Very few public men have been so vigorous in journalism as he is. He keenly realized the value of publicity and his "Young India" had a vogue which no other paper ever enjoyed. His articles were quoted and summarized in papers representing many different

shades of opinion. He has not the fecundity of Mrs. Annie Besant nor is he a voracious reader and a clever summarizer and compiler like Lala Lajpat Rai. He is unfit to do the big-bow-vow strain of Sir Surendra Nath Banerji but he writes chaste, compact, terse and dignified English. He has a rare sense of the value of words and while everyone else is repeating a hacknayed word, he startles us by an appropriate word which we never thought of before but which comes near to Flaubert's doctrine of the only word. He uses homely similitudes which come to the bosom of all readers. He spoke of agriculture and weaving as the two lungs of India. He spoke of the Rowlatt Act as the hammer forged to kill a fly. He is a master of headlines; "Death's dance," "The 18th," "No end to my sorrow." Sometimes his writings attain a rare beauty and grace. "My Confession," in which he reiterated and re-emphasized his allegiance to his departed master Mr. Gokhale, was a lyrical effusion; it was uttered with the energy of a single breath. Sometimes he uses the names of his co-workers with rare musical effect. In "Bombay the beautiful," he used the name of Mr. C. R. Dass in the fine manner of the poet of Alastor or that of the poet of Sohrab and Rustam. He always avoids the jerkiness and jauntiness which are mistaken for strength and brilliance sometimes. The even flow, the smooth effect, the harmonious fusion are what he aims at. He is not perhaps capable of a sustained masterpiece but he is equally good at narration (Jail experience), at exposition, persuasion and description. He always writes with ardor and waxes eloquent when chords of his heart are touched. No one has used his powers to disseminate his ideas so much as he. His doctrine of non-violence, his apotheosis of the Charkha, his views on national education; his insistence on prayer and fasting as the means of spiritual regeneration have filtered through the masses and all this is due to his brilliant writings.

Mahatma Gandhi is not prepossessing in his appearance; he is slender and slight—the pocket edition of a full-fledged man. He is very abstemious in his habits and lives upon goat's milk, and fruits. He dresses himself in hand-woven and hand-spun clothes. He is very careful about his personal cleanliness. He washes his clothes almost every day and performs ablutions on rising from and retiring to his bed. He can bear extreme cold and heat and has abjured all clothes except a rag to cover his loins. He has a businessman's love of regularity, method and order. He has the knack of going through a mass of work in a very short time and he always attends to his duties with clocklike regularity.

Such is Mahatma Gandhi, the man of the people, the friend of the untouchables, leader of New India. Some say that as a politician he is out of date now and he has run the career of a fire-brand but as a man his name is writ in the Book of the Immortals. He is unique—being what he is and what no one else is. He rises head and shoulders above his fellow mortals and will ever occupy a niche in the pantheon of the Immortals by his rare virtues. Indeed he has the driving force of Muhammad, the compassion of Buddha and the purity of Christ. May he live long!

India. DIWAN CHAND SHARMA.

INDIA'S SONGS OF FREEDOM.

[The *Irish Statesman* publishes a most interesting collection of "songs of freedom" now being sung by the people of India. We publish five of these songs herewith. "India today is flooded with these songs . . . some of them have penetrated into the inmost recesses of the Zenana." —J. H. H.]

I.

Within the Jallianwala Garden
The butchers made the drains run red with blood.
They slaughtered our people without count.
Who is there to hear my cry?

Because Dwyer committed great tyrannies,
He is beloved of the Government of India.
A handsome pension has been given to him.
Who is there to hear my cry?

I have searched everywhere,
But there is no justice to be had here.
The rulers have become more haughty than ever.
Who is there to hear my cry?

If Thou art the true Master of this world,
Wreak revenge upon them for shedding our blood—
Upon those who fired bullets at poor, innocent persons.
Who is there to hear my cry?

O God! We cry unto Thee.
These tyrants have become unendurable.
Quickly send us a savior!
Who is there to hear my cry?

II.

The sceptres snatched away from the Sikhs and Mughals
We shall regain.
We shall gain the Commander-in-Chiefship of our Army.
We shall be Lieutenants in our Army, and also Colonels, Viceroys, Officers Commanding, and Generals.
We shall not bend our necks to the Union Jack.
We shall give up our lives rather than bear that disgrace.

We shall not enter the legislature set up by foreign rulers.
We shall not shake their bloodstained hands.
We shall not adorn our bodies with the foreigner's medals,
Nor shall we disgrace ourselves by becoming *Rai Bahadurs.*
Neither handcuffs nor chains shall daunt us,
Nor solitary imprisonment, nor exile.

We shall not ask in durbars for home rule,
But we shall win the fight within the jail walls.

III.

It is our wish that even after death
We shall behave like Indians.
Death would give us happiness
If our shroud were made of homespun.

Our language must be Indian, our talk Indian.
The foreign lamp (education), which sheds a false light, must be broken.
We should pray that the light of union will make us Indians.

We must throw away coat, collar, necktie, and "Dawson's boots."
Our clothes must be Indian, and cut according to Indian patterns.
Whence has come the motor-car, soda, lemonade, and biscuits?
Our phaetons must be Indian, and so must be our way of enjoyment.

IV.

Hindus and Muslims, by becoming brothers,
Must continue to fight the spiritual battle.
Sing victory to Gandhi
And never wear foreign cloth!

V.

Amar Singh says:
I shall die for the sake of my country,
And my name shall be writ on the martyr's list.
I shall wake up sleepy Ind,
And then I shall feel very happy.
I love this country of mine!

Labh Singh questions:
Why do you wish to die for your country?
Why must you destroy yourself?
By whom do you want to be called a martyr?
Why do you want to wake up sleepy Ind?
Why is your country dear to you?

Amar Singh replies:
When we die for our country,
Then we enter the house of the True One.
The fear of devils does not daunt us.
By swimming we keep others from drowning.
For this reason my country is dear to me.

Great French Rebels

The first series of men to whom the progress of the world owes so much, were the Hebrew Prophets; next came the Greek and Roman Stoics; then came the Christian Apostles and Fathers; then the English Deists; then the humble Quaker itinerant preachers. These were followed by that daring group of rebels and heretics of France. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, the liberal scholars and thinkers; Desmoulins, Marat, Chaumette, Clootz, Baboef, the men of action.

Voltaire wrote with a brilliant and withering pen; he tore down the pretense of theology that Rousseau and Diderot might start the structure of social thought.

Rousseau, (born 1712, 18 years later than Voltaire), was a pioneer in things political and things literary. Kant, Herder, Goethe, Schiller, Tolstoy, are the major figures in that basis of new literary culture laid in Rousseau; they follow him in shaping a literature that is philosophic and scientific rather than theological. The same keen mind of Rousseau saw the inequalities in life and protested that "man, tho born free, is everywhere in chains."

Diderot was born 1713; he performed in his short life the most prodigeous intellectual labors; he laid down his life in 1736, leaving to the race the heritage of the Encyclopaedia, and a group of inspired co-laborers.

Desmoulins was the dramatic and providential figure, the fire-brand who touched the flame and burned away the structure of 10,000 years, for the ideas released in the French Revolution are making a new world. When that hot-headed patriot climbed upon the table in the garden and challenged the *sans-culottes* to leave their slavery and the peasants to come from the furrows, that they might organize and give France free government, even though they spilled their blood, then was a turning-point in history. "Events dictate, men sign," shouted Desmoulins, and he was the living example of that truth.

Chaumette was the Ben Franklin of the Revolution. The most practical of men, an organizer as well as a propagandist and philosopher, he secured the abolition of the lash, stopped corporal punishment in schools, closed lotteries, opened libraries, obtained separate beds for the sick in hospitals, ordered separate hospitals for lying-in women, started a pension system for the blind, reformed funeral customs, opened art galleries and a conservatory of music, and wore wooden shoes when times were hard.

Clootz, the dreamer was a man of mild temperament, far too mild for such stormy times, but he put forth and urged the practice of the biggest humanitarian ideas. Never does Robespierre look so contemptible as when killing Clootz.

Baboef was the pioneer of modern socialism; he saw the failure of political democracy unless economic democracy go with it; his effort was somewhat crude, but he was a far-seeing man.

Jean Paul Marat stands at the head of the entire French Revolutionary movement, as its most successful, able, and representative figure. An intellectual who could discuss science with Franklin, write a book like his "Polish Letters," stand at the top of his profession—yet he was ready to live in dirt and trial, that he might save the Revolution when it was threatened. The knife of the fanatic Charlotte Corday did greater harm than the bullet of John Wilkes Booth, and stands parallel with it in modern history. Marat's *Chains of Slavery* sounded the philosophy of the Revolution, and his propaganda papers re-organized the movement when it was falling. Marat's voice sounded that strange, new note—yet so true and fundamental "we wish citizens, even the poorest, to enjoy comfort and happiness; we ask, is not existence more sacred than property?"

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

News from Australia

Dear UNITY:

I feel that I have now been in Australia sufficiently long to give you a reasonably accurate account of the country and its people. Australia is so far away from the United States that one may be pardoned if one has but a very hazy notion of the great island continent under the Southern Cross.

Perhaps in this first letter I might give you a general impression of the people of Australia. They are, to begin with, almost entirely of British stock. The percentage of aliens is very low—less than 3 per cent. One arrives in Melbourne to find a city decidedly British in every respect, in some respects out-Britishing the British in conservative practices. Sociologists would explain this by saying that in any isolated community the mores and folkways are apt to change but little from generation to generation. So in Australia the people have been more or less cut off from all other countries and have clung tenaciously to the manners and customs that their grandfathers knew and which, strange to say, the British themselves have left behind. It seems especially strange to an Englishman like myself to meet this vestige of a Britain of yesterday after five years in America.

One expects to find in Australia a surfeit of prosperity and happiness. One has heard glowing reports of labor legislation, basic wages, etc., and one expects a land of peace and plenty. Even in this country one continually hears about the high wages and the great prosperity and it takes quite a time to discover that such talk is for the most part purely fiction. The first thing that struck my wife and myself upon arrival in Australia was the miserable shabbiness and poverty of a large minority of the people. On the streets, in the theaters and churches we saw the hallmarks of misery and wretchedness among a not inconsiderable portion of the people. One looks in the stores and finds all kinds of articles sold for "make shift" when the right article is too dear or inaccessible.

I said above that the fiction of Australian prosperity was generally accepted in all quarters. Even at the University Public Questions Society they were amazed at the figures that I produced from the Office of Statistics bearing on the wealth and wages in Australia.

Before I quote the main points I must point out that the cost of living here for the worker is about the same, if not slightly higher, than in the United States. I quote the following figures in dollars allowing the current rate of exchange ($4.60 to the pound sterling).

58.6 per cent of the adult population own under $690, or 2.3 per cent of the wealth.

24 per cent have between $690 and $3,000, or 10.3 per cent of the wealth.

17.4 per cent have over $3,000 each, or a total of 87.4 per cent of the wealth.

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67 per cent of the Breadwinners earn under $782 per year, or 42.2 per cent of the wealth.

30 per cent of the Breadwinners earn under $2,300 per year, or 34.8 per cent of the wealth.

3 per cent of the Breadwinners (or Breadsnatchers) "earn" over $2,300 per year, or 23 per cent of the wealth.

82.6 per cent of the people own 12.6 per cent of the wealth.

17.4 per cent of the people own 87.4 per cent of the wealth.

The average basic wage throughout the commonwealth is about $20 per week and is not sufficient to maintain an ordinary family in the staple requirements of life. One has only to walk the streets in any Australian city to find ample evidence of this low standard of living.

But I have given you enough of the under side of the picture for one letter; let me now turn to the bright side of the picture.

Australia is an "outdoor" country and therefore a great amount of time is spent by the people in recreation in the open air. The temperature in any of the capital cities seldom gets below 40 degrees F. and so sports can be indulged in all the year round. The average Australian is a pleasure-loving individual and gives but little time to the serious side of life. One sees this reflected in the brown or ruddy complexions of the Australians and in their vigorous physique.

The Australians have inherited their sports from the Mother Country and football, cricket and racing are the great amusements. Tennis also has a great vogue among both sexes; this game is played outdoors at all seasons. Just now the English cricket team is over in Australia competing with the great teams of the Commonwealth.

Horse-racing and gambling occupy the attention of a very large majority of the Australian people continually. Everyone, almost, gambles on the racehorses and I believe that quite a number of ministers go regularly to the race courses and bet on the horses. Perhaps they go to the race courses to find the congregation that ought to come to their different churches! All sections of the community gamble and the female portion of the community is as keen as the male. Every store and office and workshop has its "sweeps," etc., and the racing portion of the newspaper is always scanned with the greatest interest. Cup Day in any of the capital cities is the event of the year and a public holiday is always proclaimed. Millions of dollars change hands on Cup Day in Melbourne and bets as high as $20,000 are quite common. (These are not made, of course, by basic wage earners.)

The speech of the Australian seems to be the same in every state. One hears everywhere a Cockney accent. It sounds most strange to a Northcountry Britisher to hear on every hand an accent strangely reminiscent of Whitechapel and Bow and Bromley.

And last, but not least striking, one sees again the saloons on every street corner and the "drunks" coming out continually. "Pubs" are on every hand and drinking one of the every-day occupations of the people. I never saw the value of Prohibition more than when I came to Australia. At any rate you keep it out of sight in the States and the younger generation does not have temptations to drunkenness flaunting continually before its face. In time men have a chance to get used to doing without in a Prohibition country; they get accustomed to other ways of living and the accursed thing dies gradually, but in Australia, with its public houses and its wine saloons, the "trade" grows and flourishes like the green bay tree.

Next time I will tell you something of religion in Australia.

Melbourne, Australia. HARRY TAYLOR.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN

On that divine all-hallowed morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
How lone did Mary seem to be,
The kindly beasts for company!

Yet when she saw her infant's face—
Fair with the soul's unfading grace,
Softly she wept for love's excess,
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—
A lowly mother, set apart
In the dear way that mothers are,
And heaven seemed nigh, and earth afar:

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise
Adored her babe, she knew them wise;
For at his touch her sense grew dim—
So all *her* being worshipped him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!
In its affliction turns to her—
Best loved of all, best understood,
The type of selfless motherhood!

Scribner's *Florence Earle Coates.*

AFTER CHRISTMAS

They brought him gold and frankincense and myrrh,
The wise and mighty of the days of old.
But where were they as the stern years unrolled,
When scribes and Pharisees were all astir?
Even his mother, to speak truth of her,
Doubted and feared, and would have fain controlled
Her first-born, too compassionately bold;
Even his mother! ah, how love can err!

And grant your love who sing his praise today,
Who lay your tinselled trifles at his feet,
And offer verbal incense, cloying sweet,
And then like kings and Magi melt away,
Aye! grant your love, how fares it in the test,
Dare you confess the Christ of the oppressed?

ROBERT WHITAKER.

THE STUDY TABLE

Ecclesiastic and Historical Notes on the Near East

The British Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Anglican and Eastern Churches Association have recently published a booklet entitled "The Anglican and Eastern Churches—A Historical Record" (New York: the Macmillan Company) which is based on the 1921 report of the latter body and which deals with the various phases and developments of the Reunion Movement among the Anglicans, Greeks, Servians, Rumanians and Russians. We read of numerous visits and conferences, speeches and pastoral declarations and many other things. This pamphlet ought to be interesting to the student of ecclesiastical as well as religious problems. As usual some precious space has been devoted to certain sesquipedalian phrases of Eastern Orthodox metaphysics without any definite conclusion being reached. Meletios Metaksakes of Greece, the former Ecumenical Patriarch, has had an important part in this movement, while Bishop Gore seems to be (or is it to have been?) the leading English exponent of the idea back of it.

As to history in the Near East, however, I will essay a brief discussion of two noteworthy books: "A Short History of the Near East—330 to 1922 A.D." (New York: the Macmillan Company) by William Stearns Davis of the department of history of the University of Minnesota and "The Great Betrayal—A Survey of the Near East Problem" (New York: the Robert M. McBride Company) by Edward Hale Bierstadt with a preface by Professor Edward Capps, former United States Minister to Greece and now of the classical department of Princeton University.

Professor Davis is somewhat of an authority on Near-Eastern matters having had direct experience with practically all the races concerned in the events of the past decade; he has contributed several enlightening articles about the Levant to different American periodicals. The work consists of the story of that region from the founding of Constantinople to the time of the defeat of the Greek army by the Kemalist forces, on August, 1922, in the hinterland of the western coast of Asia Minor. The remarkable career of the Seljuk Turks from Manzikert to Vienna and where not, is presented fully and accurately without any of that hysterical spirit displayed by certain devout "Christian" writers. Of the Greeks the author has to say the following:

> Of all the Balkan-Levantine peoples the Greeks (notwithstanding their admitted shortcomings) possess the clearest cultural traditions and the best claim to the civilized leadership of the Near East. It is unfortunate that certain Americans have allowed their personal sympathies for certain Bulgarians to lead them into utterances defamatory of the Greeks and even apologetic concerning the "unspeakable Turk." The vices of the Greeks are what might be expected in a clever, versatile people, ground down for two thousand years by Roman, Byzantine, and Turk, and forced to mitigate their lot by the use of their wits. All this is said with every allowance for the fatuous policy of adventure pursued by Constantine I and his advisers in Anatolia after the dismissal of Veniselos. Modern Athens has paid even more heavily than ancient Athens for having driven into exile her "Aristides."

Mr. Bierstadt confines his labors to the detailed account of the betrayal of Greece by the Allied and Associated Powers in connection with her entrance into the world war and her occupation (at the hint of these same powers) of the western part of Minor Asia in 1919. He does not seem to realize however—in his praiseworthy zeal to arouse sympathy for the numerous and unfortunate sufferers—that certain groups among the Greeks themselves and perhaps the entire Greek nation between 1915 and 1921 are also accountable, though in a lesser degree. To leave the Turks out of account for a moment; it appears to me that post-Veniselist Greece was too ambitious to say the least; there must have been presented many opportunities for an honorable retreat before the final catastrophe occurred. Aside from this, perhaps easily acquired point of view, the author has, as an investigator in the interest of truth, done a most creditable thing. Economic imperialism in the Levant has been and still is a veritable Damoklean sword for those who are sincerely and actively interested in an equitable solution of this thorny problem. Perhaps we need not despair; if the Turks and the Greeks do not again become involved in hostilities and succeed in reaching some sort of understanding, they will be in a position to do more for the once famous Ionia than all the high-sounding and very often insincere declarations of our industrial "philanthropists" can possibly accomplish.

GEORGE SARANTON,
Teacher of Modern Greek, New York City.

An Indian Sees India

Mighty change is sweeping through the old world. There is sovietism in Russia, aggressive nationalism of Turkey and Egypt, the wandering Jews seeking their homeland, the Arabs and the Persians stirring with the memories of the past, the Chinese trying to establish national unity and recover their national sovereignty through the ordeal of civil wars, Japan at the cross-roads agitated with hopes and fears, asking for racial equality and dreading the possible concerted opposition of the western nations, and India awakened from the unspeakable agony and meditation facing the world with a new conception of human values—self-realization, self assertion without violence even in thought, leading to the fullest expression of personality, nationalism and Creative Unity in the Infinite.

In "My Brother's Face,"* Mr. Dhan Gopal Mukerji, essentially a poet who has assimilated western culture but who lives with the spirit of Hinduism, has painted the picture of the re-awakening of India in a soul-stirring fashion. In this book he deals with human elements through picturesque, delicate and vivid scenes of life in India. He gives intimate description of the changing life of India through simple conversations with the people of all classes and brings out with clarity various phases of the gigantic transformation of one-fifth of the human race. He sees the change in the Temple, in the Market place, in the house of the rich, in the life of the women, the school boy and youth, among the revolutionists and the masses. This change is not the actual achievement of Gandhi or of the revolutionists who want to make their country free from an oppressive foreign yoke, but it is the re-awakening—vanishing of the slave mentality evident even in the very expression of the down-trodden of India feeling a new hope—*This* is the change he saw in his brother's face . . .

The author has discussed Hindu philosophy—teach-

* "My Brother's Face." By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

ings of Kapila, the essence of the Bhagabat Gita and the truth hidden in the mythologies of the great epic of the Mahabharata—through the mouth of simple men and women as well as the holy men of India. He has done it superbly, so that the average man or woman will understand it without difficulty. His picture of the ethical and religious idealism of a young Hindu revolutionist leader should be studied by all who wish to understand the spirit of change that is trying so hard to find expression through the genius of the race,—"My religion is to watch for him who sleeps."

Mr. Mukerji shows the tremendous influence of the teachings of Gandhi, now being exerted in the life of India. This transformation is bound to be lasting because it is not superficial but deep-rooted. It has re-galvanized the nation with the old and powerful teachings of the religion of fearlessness and truth taught by the ancient sages. It is going to be the manifestation of the inner beauty of the soul of India assimilating the best of the culture of the west. Humanity is one and the sum total of the experience of the human race is indivisible —civilization.

The author beautifully describes the conflict of ideals and methods of action of two schools of Indian nationalists—one denouncing western industrialism as a curse and the other trying to utilize it as the expression of the spirit of "Zeit-geist," but keeping in mind the teachings of the Upanishads that a wise man should use a thorn to extract a thorn, and then throw them both away.

On the whole the book is a work of art. It is a very successful and unique attempt to reveal the essentials of Indian culture and the new cross currents working on it. We are most fortunate to have in our midst a Hindu writer with Mr. Mukerji's gift of expression to interpret India for the West. This work of his—"My Brother's Face"—is an achievement which any author might well be proud of.

TARAKNATH DAS.

Great Books

Two great words that have come into general use, almost in my life time, are Heredity and Environment. Taken in the large they cover the whole ground of life and its development upon this planet. Under these great laws we must live, whether we like their workings or not. We have no choice in the matter. It naturally follows that a proper understanding of and an intelligent use of these laws is the most important question that faces every living person on this earth. Nature takes care of every form of life below mankind, but when human life appeared a new element was introduced, although slight at first, and through the long centuries of savage and cave man, estimated to have covered hundreds of thousands of years, up to the historic period which is variously estimated from six to ten thousand years, the race has been climbing, with ever new discoveries of the workings of the above named laws and how partly to use them. That mankind's misuse of them has been stupendous, all history testifies. But slowly, very slowly, we are coming to realize that a better understanding and a proper use of them means, for the race, a greater Heaven right here on this earth than all the imaginary heavens that are recorded in the myths and legends of all past generations.

I am asked to name and comment upon a few of the great books that will give us the latest and best methods of understanding the laws of heredity and environment. I would name first in importance, "The New Decalogue of Science," by Albert Edward Wiggam. As wise a man as Professor Giddings of Columbia writes of this book, "The most important contribution to popular education that has been made in America in fifty years. I am not speaking hastily or recklessly but after full consideration and weighing my words." Leonard Darwin, son of Charles Darwin, writes, "Better than anything that has appeared in Europe. I wish we had a man like Wiggam in England." This important book should be in every library in the state.

A second book I wish to mention is "A Mother's Letter to a Schoolmaster," with introduction by James Harvey Robinson, the author of that other great book every library should have, "The Mind in the Making."

In 1922, Yale university published "The Evolution of Man." It was a series of six lectures delivered by six great specialists, and put in book form. I was fortunate enough to hear Professor George Howard Parker's lecture on "The Evolution of the Nervous System," and it was a masterpiece. At the time of the lecture, "the monkey legislature" of Kentucky was trying to pass a law to prohibit the teaching of science in the schools of the state. I had the good fortune to meet Professor Parker and I told him that he ought to be giving that lecture to the Kentucky Legislature. He laughed heartily at the suggestion. No library can make a mistake in having this book on its shelves.

Havelock Ellis has been called, by one of our great critics, the most civilized Englishman now living. Any book written by him is worthy of careful reading. My personal choice of his many good books would be "The Dance of Life." In it he gives a summing up of the conclusions of a big life, and it would be hard to find a wiser book of that nature. I am giving it my third reading.

The best account of our one-sided civilization I have read, is Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's, "His Religion and Her's," published by the Century Company. I have bought and given away thirty copies of her book and sent them to twelve different states. Let me give just one quotation from her book: "The only Devil we need to fear is IGNORANCE."

One of the very best books on the important topic of Psychology is "The Control of the Social Mind" by Arland D. Weeks, with introduction by Joseph Jastrow, of the University of Wisconsin. I find on the cover of this book a list of twenty-eight books on psychology, all published by one firm, D. Appleton & Company. The book had a full page in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*.

One of the wisest small books I have lately read is by President L. P. Jacks, Editor of *The Hibbert Journal* and *Press of Manchester New College*. It is entitled "A Living Universe," and like Lincoln's Gettysburg address, it says more in a few lines than many books of larger size.

As I write these lines, the world is celebrating the ninetieth birthday of "The Grand Old Man of America," Charles W. Eliot. Anything from his pen is worth while. I have been a reader of his writings for over forty years, and can say amen to all of them.

Space will not permit me to mention the works of G. Stanley Hall, John Fiske, David Starr Jordan, Andrew D. White, and a host of others, all important.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

AUSTRIA.—The work for peace is slowly proceeding. The increasing unemployment tends to distract the minds of many on account of the growing economic difficulties of individuals in spite of the greater economic stability of the State. Bitterness at the loss of South Tyrol to Italy is fed by stories of unjust treatment of Austrians and their language and is the obstacle continually met by the exponents of peace especially in Upper Austria.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.—The hopes awakened by the active share which Dr. Benes has taken at the League of Nations are somewhat qualified by proposals which are being put before the country to strengthen its military establishment. Mobilization reforms on the Swiss system for calling up the entire male population would, if carried, have the effect of increasing the size of the army. Compulsory rifle-practice in secondary schools is being demanded in some quarters.

FRANCE.—*Progress of Pacifist Thought.* —The coming into power of M. Herriot's Government has made work for peace in general more easy. Radical opposition to military service is, however, rare. It is generally held to be a position difficult of comprehension by French people. Moreover the severity of the penalties imposed on individual refusers and the evil reputation of Biribi the military penal colonies in Africa, act as deterrents. It is not uncommon for ex-soldiers to declare that they would refuse mobilization. The group of Libérés et Anciens Combattants at Lyons has publicly made this declaration. More rare is it to announce this decision to the authorities by returning military papers. Two recent individual instances show the difficulties that beset the radical refuser of service. One young teacher gave up his post and set out on a Franciscan crusade in the North. When arrested at length, he stated fully his position including his intention to refuse military service when called up in November. He has been shut up in a lunatic asylum as an "incurable mystic suffering from delirium through mental exaltation." The governor of the asylum frankly stated that he considered Jesus and Tolstoy, quoted by the young teacher, also to be lunatics. In the second case a young man declared his considered intention as a Christian of refusing military service. His parents immediately threatened to commit suicide. Unable to face this contingency, the young man "with death in his soul" (as a friend writes) has undertaken service.

GERMANY. — *Disarmament.* — The debates of the International Peace Congress in October continue to attract notice in the press. Two generals, Verraux of France and Schoenaich of Germany, have spoken together at numerous meetings, in Wiesbaden, Cologne, Dortmund, Mayence, Höchst, Frankfort-am-Main, and have advocated complete disarmament. The peace movement is strongest in the south-west of Germany and in the western industrial districts.

Z. R. 3.—The occasion of the departure of the giant Zeppelin for America was utilized by the Nationalists to embitter public opinion. It is a severe wound to national pride that, by provision of the Versailles Treaty, the aerodrome and plant at Friedrichshafen, from which emanated this fine example of technical efficiency, will have to be destroyed. The greeting of Dr. Eckener, the Commander of the airship, to the American people in which he viewed the ship as a link of peace between the nations struck the other and welcome note.

GREAT BRITAIN. — *The Elections and Peace.* — It has not been sufficiently noted in the foreign press that though the Labor Party lost forty-one seats it gained about a million more votes than in the previous election. Conservative and Liberal united in many localities to defeat Labor and so in spite of the increased Labor Vote an entirely different electoral result was produced.

It is not believed that the Conservative Government will make any marked changes in Foreign Policy so far as France and Germany are concerned. The desire to develop the friendly relations with France is already manifest, and the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain to the Foreign Office instead of Lord Curzon is significant. The strengthening of the Republican parties in the German elections would have the effect of confirming and developing the understanding between the countries. The general Conservative policy would naturally be to strengthen the bonds of the British Empire and it is likely that Imperial Preference, airship and wireless communications will be considered.

As regards Russia, Mr. Chamberlain's stern notes of November 21st, stating that the Treaties will not be ratified, asserting that the Zinoviev propaganda letter is no forgery, refusing any further discussion on the point, and warning the Soviet Government against the consequences of further propaganda, have created a grave situation and the results are difficult to foresee.

The death of E. D. Morel on November 12 at the age of 51 is a great loss to the cause of peace. The great service which he rendered to humanity in exposing the iniquities of slavery in the Congo would alone suffice to make him remembered for ever. That crusade carried on unremittingly for thirteen years was crowned with success in 1913 by the abolition of the slave conditions in the Congo. He next turned to the exposure of that system of secret diplomacy which was surely leading Europe into war. "Morocco and Diplomacy" was published in 1913. Later he helped to found the Union of Democratic Control which stood for a negotiated and just peace. The monthly journal, *Foreign Affairs*, started by him in 1919 carries on the same work of education.

International Anti-Conscription Bureau. On November 19 a conference met in London to organize a movement for the abolition of Conscription in all countries and for the help of conscientious objectors. There were represented: the War Resisters' International, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the Quakers, the Women's International League and others. The various organizations urged the War Resisters' International to set up an Anti-Conscription Bureau and promised their help. Among the immediate steps recommended were:

1. The publication of a manifesto signed by persons of international standing calling upon all governments to abolish conscription.

2. Propaganda to make the universal abolition of conscription an issue before the Disarmament Conference meeting on June 15, 1925, and the organizing of an international anti-conscription demonstration during that conference.

3. The provision of information and legal advice to individual objectors to conscription in all countries.

Address, Dr. Hans Kohn, c|o Runham Brown, Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England.

NORWAY.—*Conscription and Conscience.* Four Communists, two lawyers, a student and a laborer, were recently brought before a tribunal on the charge of refusing military service. They stated that they refused because the army was a class army in which they might one day be ordered to shoot their brothers and comrades. They declared, however, that they would be willing to serve in the army for the defense of their country. The question before the jury was: "Have the accused persons, with the intention to escape their military duties, failed to be present at the place where, according to military law, they ought to have been?" They were acquitted. This acquittal raised a number of complex questions. Surely the accused persons had not been "where they ought to have been." It has therefore been held that the jury's verdict was contrary to existing laws. This raises the question, should a jury give its verdict according to its conscience or according to law? The only solution is that the jury laid stress upon the word *intention* and found that the accused had not intended to escape military duties. But the jury has in fact acknowledged that the army can be considered as a class army, a decision of grave import. The accused will be transferred to civilian work next spring. If they refuse this they will again be brought before a tribunal.

SWITZERLAND.—*Civilian Service Work at Someo.*—In answer to an appeal from the avalanche-wrecked village of Someo, twenty-nine men and women started the work of clearing away the ruins on October 27. By November 16 there were about 130 men, and the number is still increasing. The initiative came from the Civilian Service Volunteers who had priviously worked at Les Ormonts, but the numbers have been swelled by un-

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The library stands next to the public school as a disseminator of useful knowledge, and if H. G. Wells is right when he writes, "It is Education or catastrophe ahead of the human race," it behooves all of us to push the public library to its limit in doing its part to help along the great cause of Education, which is only another name for Social Salvation.

Polo, Ill. *Alvin Joiner, Sr.*

employed who were anxious to receive free board and lodging. Thus quite new possibilities have opened out before Civilian Service.

The work is arduous and technically more difficult than that carried out at Les Ormonts. But there are many carpenters, smiths, masons and miners among the volunteers, and in addition twelve paid masons and miners are giving their assistance. Many thousand cubic feet of dirt and the ruins of many houses have been cleared away, a new stone bed has been made for the river, and a high wall is in course of construction to protect the remaining houses. A member of the Swiss Parliament worked for two weeks as a volunteer, and visits have been received from two members of the Canton (Tessin) Government, and from Greulich, the senior member of the Parliament, while the Roman Catholic Bishop of Lugano has written a letter congratulating the workers and enclosing a gift of 100 francs. Several nationalities are represented, so that the work is in truth an international service.

WAR IS OUTLAWED BY RESOLUTIONS

Resolutions calling upon the people of America and the old world to adopt an uncompromising attitude that will mean the everlasting outlawry of war, were passed unanimously on Thanksgiving Day, by the congregation of the Synagogue Beth Ahabah, in Richmond, Va.

The resolutions, denouncing war as wrong, inefficient and contrary to the basic principles of religion, follow:

"WHEREAS war, which is simply a method of determining the issues between nations by means of force and violence, is wrong, inefficient and contrary to the basic principles of religion;

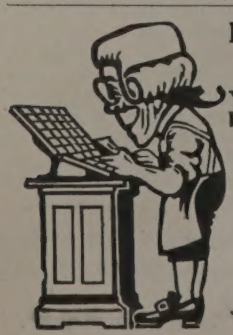
"WHEREAS its results are neither permanent nor efficient nor righteous, and

"WHEREAS, it is a fundamental denial of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man,

"Be It Resolved by this congregation: That war is economically and morally indefensible,

"Resolved, That we place ourselves on the side of every effort towards the outlawry and abolition of war, by causing it to be recognized as the scourge of civilization and a crime against man and God.

"Resolved, That we urge upon our fellow-citizens and the citizens of other lands, and those in authority, to adopt an uncompromising attitude against war, and to make every effort to solve the problems of international differences along the lines of reason, justice and righteousness, as the only method that shall make for the permanent peace and happiness of mankind."



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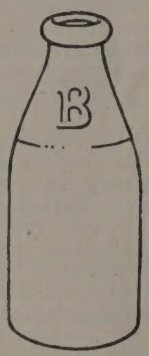

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